*Qu.* Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
*Dut. Glo.* No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me I followed *Henries* courſe,
When ſcarſe the blood was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angell husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, I lookt on *Richards* face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo yong, ſo old a widow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife if any be ſo badde
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubiects of my owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept mine eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of ſleepe,
Bnt haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides, he hates me for my father *Warwicke*,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
*Qu.* Alas poore ſoule, I pittie thy complaints.
*Dut. Glo.* No more then from my ſoule I mourne for yours
*Qu.* Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glorie.
*Dut. Glo.* Adue poore ſoule, thou takſt thy leaue of it.
*Dut. Yor.* Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuarie, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eightie old yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

*The Trumpets ſound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles.*

*King.* Stand all apart. Coſen of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he aſcendeth his throne.*

Thus



Thus high by thy aduice
And thy aſſiſtance is King *Richard*
But ſhall wee weare theſe honours
Or ſhall they laſt, and we reioyce in
*Buc.* Still liue they, and for euer
*Kin. Ri.* O *Buckingham*, now I doe
To trie if thou be currant gold ind
Yong *Edward* liues: thinke now w
*Buc.* Say on my gratious ſouera
*King.* Why *Buckingham*, I ſay I
*Buc.* Why ſo you are my thrice
*Kin.* Ha: am I King? tis ſo, but
*Buc.* True noble Prince.
*Kin.* O bitter conſequence,
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould liue true
Coſen, thou wert not wont to be
Shall I be plaine? I wiſh the baſta
And I would haue it ſuddenly pe
What ſaieſt thou? ſpeake ſudden
*Buc.* Your grace may do your
*King.* Tut, tut, thou art all yce,
Say, haue I thy conſent that they
*Buc.* Giue me ſome breath, ſom
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake herein
I will reſolue your grace immedi
*Cat.* The King is angry, ſee, he
*King.* I will conuerſe with iron
And vnreſpectiue boyes, none a
That looke into me with conſide
*Boy*, high reaching *Buckingham*
*Boy.* Lord.
*King.* Knowſt thou not any wh
Would tempt vnto a cloſe explo
*Boy.* My Lord, I know a diſcon
Whoſe humble meanes match
Gold were as good as twentie Or
And will no doubt tempt him to
*King.* What is his name?
*Boy.* His name my Lord, is Te

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.51)